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THE CAMP AND THE FIELD.

BY ONE OF OUR CHAPLAINS.

HOLIDAY soldiering seems suddenly to have come to an end. Fancy uniforms, with abundance of gold lace, feathers, epaulets, and similar gewgaws, have been put off. A soldier's life has been found to be a matter of genuine importance. The use of the musket and bayonet has been ascertained. Instead of an expensive toy, to be paraded once or twice a year for the gratification of a curious and idle populace, our military organization is recognized as a necessity for the support of the National Government and the defence of our homes. The war has changed many of our notions. Military life has become a serious and earnest thing with us. The nation is passing through a course of severe discipline, which will educate and purify our whole national life. We desire peace; we pray for peace: but peace we cannot have till our discipline is thoroughly finished and our purification is complete. We must expect the conflict to continue till that end is reached. We must go to school in the camp and the field before we are taught the true lesson of the times.

It happened to be my fortune to be connected for three months with a regiment of volunteers. It has been a short experience, as I am ready to allow; but our life, for three months, presented all the aspects of a long campaign. We had a taste of almost every thing that pertains to war. We drilled, we paraded, we bivouacked; we lived in barracks, in huts, in tents; we made forced marches; we fought a battle, gained a victory, suffered a defeat, made an inglorious retreat; and some of our number were captured, and are still held as prisoners of war. We might have been for years in the regular army, and yet not have seen so much service as has been crowded into our short term. We saw the painful and the pleasant side of war, if war can have a pleasant side. In the various opportunities which were afforded us, we had the privilege of studying human nature in all the varieties which a soldier's life can exhibit. We could perceive the depressing and elating influences of such a life. We even saw the workings of that excitement of the lower nature which leads a victorious army to pillage and sack a conquered town.

Life in camp has its impulses to good, and its temptations to evil. The first experience is unquestionably an incitement of religious feeling. Men have just left their homes, and begin to feel the need of the kindly pressure of home influences. Many of those who have enlisted in this war have gone to the scene of danger impelled by a controlling sense of duty. They feel that there are difficulties in the way; that they will be obliged to endure many hardships; that they may be exposed to many perils, and possibly to painful death. Instinctively they turn to a higher Power, and seek the help of God. Upon such men, religious services produce a wonderful effect. They are a restraint, an encouragement, a direction, a help, and an inspiration. Most men who have had no military experience,

find, at the beginning, that they need most strongly just such an influence as this. A new life has opened itself to their contemplation. As they look into it, they perceive that such words as "duty," "self-sacrifice," "patriotism," "religion," and the like, have deeper signification than they have before thought. The uncertainty of life, the ignorance of future events, the gradual settling into a state where the prime requisite for success is unquestioning obedience to the order of other persons, and the consequent loss of self-confidence, seem to induce a strong feeling of dependence upon God. Added to this is the thought, that those who are dear to one's affections must be given up to the care of Providence; and that, for both the distant and near, there are but two things to do,—to wait patiently the progress of events, and to trust in God and one another. The most thoughtless and indifferent man cannot escape the influence of such thoughts and feelings; while those of a deep and tender nature are affected by them to a remarkable degree. I think it would be the testimony of a majority of our volunteers, that, for the first few weeks of their military life, their religious nature was very perceptibly excited to action. As sometimes, on summer mornings, a fresh breeze will set in from some cool quarter of the heavens, and will seem to clear the air of noxious vapors and enervating heat, such delicious coolness and freshness pervade the day; so this fresh gale of duty and patriotism set in upon our worldly life, and, for the time, made it clear and generous and pure.

For the time, I say; for as the heat of summer asserts its presence when the gale is spent, so the old worldliness returns, unless the most vigilant precautions are taken against it. Men, left to themselves, have many idle hours to spend; and the old couplet is true in this as in other cases:—

"Satan has some mischief still
For idle hands to do."

Then is felt the force of temptation; then are exercised the influences most incident to the vices of the camp. The body becomes lazy; the mind becomes indolent; one feels disinclined to exertion, and labor is distasteful. As a consequence, when the mind is unoccupied with good, evil will come in. Unclean spirits fill the empty chambers. The craving for something to excite and interest the attention seeks its gratification in forbidden ways. The appetites and passions are aroused; intemperance, profanity, obscenity, dissoluteness, profligacy, lust, and sloth begin to manifest themselves; and the worst results are threatened. The most dangerous enemy to the soldier is not so much to be found upon the battle-field as in the quiet of the garrison and the camp. It is on the field of the soul that the severest conflicts are waged. To such an extent does the unwillingness to labor sometimes go, that the daily drill necessary for skill in the use of arms, and the regular discipline of a command, will be neglected upon almost any pretence. I have seen soldiers almost completely demoralized by such neglect; and I have seen a battle lost in consequence, and the work of months rendered almost of no avail. I have seen soldiers cowardly pillaging a defenceless town, because they were undisciplined in virtue; and I have seen those same soldiers break from their ranks, and take to flight, when confronted with the foe. I once made a flying visit through some of our camps in the neighborhood of Washington, and, in the course of that visit, stopped for a few minutes in the camp of a certain regiment. The colonel was a vulgar, profane, swaggering man; and, among the soldiers, there seemed to be an utter want of obedience or respect for their superior officers. I was curious to know how such a regiment would behave in battle. In reading

one of the official reports of the battle of Bull Run, I found the record. It was exactly as I supposed it would be. The regiment was broken at the first charge: several officers had deserted before the battle, and "the men were not slow to follow their example."

There is a very remarkable conversation between Cyrus and one of his generals, Chrysantas, as reported by Xenophon in the third book of the "Cyropædia." Chrysantas endeavors to persuade Cyrus to address the soldiers of his army upon the eve of a battle. Cyrus declines doing so: "For," he says, "no exhortation whatever, though ever so noble, can, at the instant, make the hearers brave, if they were not so before." Chrysantas still thinks that "it is enough if Cyrus can make their minds better by his exhortation." Then Cyrus replies, — and his words deserve to be written upon every tent in our army, — "Can a word spoken at the instant inspire the minds of the hearers with a sense of shame, or hinder them from doing things mean and base? Can it influence them effectually to undergo all labors, and run all hazards, to gain praise? Can it establish this sentiment firmly in their minds, that to die fighting is rather to be chosen than to be saved by flying? If such sentiments are to be instilled into men, and to be made lasting, ought there not, in the first place, to be such laws established, whereby a life with honor and liberty should be provided for the brave, and such a course of life traced out and laid before the vicious as should be abject and painful, and not worth living out? Then there ought to be teachers and governors in these affairs, who should direct men right; should teach and accustom them to practise these things, till they come to determine with themselves that the brave and renowned are in reality the happiest of all, and to judge that the vicious and the infamous are of all the most miserable: for thus ought those

to stand affected who are to make their institution and discipline overrule their fear of the enemy." He goes on to say, that a set form of words could not make men soldiers on the instant; nor yet that the soldiers could be reliable, unless the officers were present to set them an example of manliness and bravery. Then he concludes: "I should very much wonder, O Chrysantas! if a discourse ever so finely spoken should be able to teach bravery to men wholly undisciplined in virtue, any more than a song well sung could teach music to such as were wholly uninstructed in it." The Persian king struck the right chord. Bravery is impossible to men "wholly undisciplined in virtue;" and it is hardly to be expected that the men will be brave and virtuous, unless the officers set them the example. The bravest soldiers in our army will be found among the most virtuous, the most religious, and the most faithful men. The best regiments are those which are composed of men and officers who are men of character; who are reverential, dutiful, and religious. Such regiments are to be relied upon in the emergencies of the strife. On Friday afternoon before the battle of Bull Run, Gen. McDowell was present at the dress-parade of a regiment then at Centreville, such as I have mentioned. At the close of the parade, the usual religious service of the day, which was never omitted upon such an occasion, was performed. A psalm was read, a prayer offered, and the doxology sung by the regiment. The scene was very impressive. The soldiers stood uncovered in the light of that glorious summer sunset, and with bowed and reverent heads listened in unbroken stillness to the service. Soldiers from other camps gathered about, and stood in little knots as spectators. As the manly voices of the united regiment rose upon the evening air, it seemed as though an influence from on high had come in response to strengthen each man's heart, and make

him brave. The general commanding was visibly affected. He rode up to the chaplain, and with tearful eyes expressed his thanks for the unexpected service. Then turning to the colonel, who had also command of a brigade, he said, "Col. B., I shall rely upon your brigade." The event justified his remark; for that brigade was the first in action, sustained the brunt of the battle for hours, "and did it well," as Gen. McDowell officially declared, and was the last to leave the field. Had all the other brigades behaved as well, the fortune of the day would have been different, and "Bull Run" would have been written in brighter lines in the annals of the North.

The enforcement of order, and the proper discipline of a corps, depend, to a very great extent, upon the character of its officers, and especially upon the character and efficiency of its commanding officer. If the colonel of a regiment, or the general of a brigade, is a virtuous, manly, and religious man, the influence of his life and character will be felt for good by every man under his command; if otherwise, his influence will be greatly detrimental. Some officers are martinets; and they work and badger and worry their men, attempting to enforce a multitude of petty rules. They endeavor to be despots on a small scale; and labor under the mistake, that their strictness, which only frets and annoys the men, is good discipline. The effect of such conduct is to estrange and alienate the men; to make military life an object of complete disgust to them; and to do away with all the good impressions which a voluntary performance of duty, and a willing risk of life for the sake of duty, are likely to make. Other officers are easy, indolent, and indulgent; passing over many offences lightly, because of a disinclination to make the necessary exertions for their punishment; sometimes waking up to a sense of duty in this respect, and then visiting even slight faults with undue

severity; thus allowing the caprice of the moment to decide upon and inflict the penalties of disobedience. Such officers, in their desire to become popular with their men, subvert and prevent the proper discipline of their corps, and become really unpopular; for the men, while they take advantage of and abuse the good nature of their commander, really despise him for his want of energy, and his inability to restrain and control them. Other officers, again, have joined the volunteer service as though they thought campaigning was more of a frolic at Washington than a serious business, involving the fate of a continent. It was a pleasant thing to parade, at the head of a regiment, up and down Pennsylvania Avenue; to flash one's epaulets and shoulder-straps beneath the light of the President's chandeliers; to interchange compliments and visits with the fashionables of the metropolis who still remained loyal, or whose connection with the Government gave them a support, and a quasi standing in society. It was a pleasant thing to wear a uniform and a title. Meanwhile the men might suffer for the want of the common necessaries of life. The business of the camp was intrusted to incompetent subordinates, who required constant oversight, and who, without it, floundered in the midst of difficulties which they could not overcome, and which threatened to overwhelm them. The bar-rooms and hotel-parlors of the capital were more attractive than the encampment, where disaffection and discontent were rapidly inducing demoralization, and provoking to mutiny. Having occasion to visit an encampment one day to transact some business with the colonel of the regiment there stationed, I inquired, of a soldier near the entrance, where I should find the colonel. His reply was, "If you find him at all, you will be more lucky than we are; for we do not see him oftener than once in two or three weeks." I ascertained that he lived at a hotel part

of the time. Other officers, again, joined the army for the sake of achieving some military glory, or for the furtherance of some ambitious scheme for political preferment. Such officers used even the good condition of their regiments, as equipped by the State that sent them, for the purposes of their own glorification. Then petty jealousies and intrigues would spring up; and the officers of the same corps, or of different corps belonging to the same State, would be planning against one another. I have known even an executive of a State to be jealous of his appointees, thinking that they might achieve more distinction than himself; and endeavoring to supplant them, and prevent their promotion, as he feared that they might, by and by, stand in the way of his own advancement. This is the dark side of the picture. Its deepest shadows lay all along the road from Washington to Manassas, through the week which ended in the disaster of the 21st of July.

There are brighter and more cheerful tints. Officers there were, and they were not few, who were conscientious, unselfish, Christian men, and who made it the constant study of their term of service to provide for the comfort and welfare of the men who were under their charge. They entered into the contest from the very strongest sense of duty. They felt as though the voice of God called them. They had no desire for glory, no selfish motives, no ulterior ends. They felt that they could thus be useful to their country in the time of its need; and they left home and its comforts, positions of ease and affluence, lucrative business and prosperous fortunes, to become the servants of duty, and to give even their lives to the cause of liberty and law. They were even so free from any meanness and selfish jealousy, and so completely disinterested, as to work night and day for the benefit of their regiments, and allow others to receive the credit which was wholly due to themselves.

These officers were to be found in their own camps, attending, first of all, to their duties there, paying every attention to the condition of their men, seeing that they were properly fed and clothed, and even providing for their wants from their own private funds. They shared the hardships and privations of the campaign with their soldiers; and, in the hour of danger, led them against the foe. These were men of prayerful souls, of temperate habits, and of the most upright and truthful character. The soldiers had confidence in them, and knew that they were entirely competent to lead them. They said, "Whatever Col. So-and-so says must be right."—"Wherever he goes, we are willing to follow."—"Whatever he commands must be done." Such an officer, combining generosity with strictness, winning the men to regard his slightest wish rather than compelling them to obedience to his orders, attracting their affection and respect, will soon have his regiment under the most thorough discipline. It will be governed more by love than fear. The moral influence of such a man's daily life will elevate and dignify the life of every private in the ranks. I think I have known such a man; and I know that he was regarded, by every officer and soldier that was associated with him, with the most touching devotion and the most affectionate esteem. It was an instance of "hero-worship" such as I hardly thought could exist. So patient that man was, so self-devoted, so disinterested, so thoroughly a master of every situation in which he was placed, so complete a tactician and so brave a soldier, so kind to man and so trustful towards God, so genial a companion and so faithful a friend, as to occasion no surprise that the men of his regiment loved him as they would love a parent, and would willingly have laid down their lives in his behalf. It was no matter of surprise that his regiment should stand in the very front rank in the army of the Union, distin-

guished for its good conduct and manly bearing in the camp, and its steadiness and gallantry in the field. The Government early recognized the value of his services; and he is now occupying a higher position, and in a fair way of winning and wearing yet greener laurels.

Now, it is the discipline which such a man can exercise that is required in our armies. Valor and courage, superiority in arms and equipments, are of slight avail, without discipline and the habits of obedience. I have read the various accounts of newspaper correspondents, and the official reports of the battle of Bull Run. There is any amount of fable in the former, whether addressed to New-York, Boston, or London journals; and scenes are described which never existed, and could not possibly exist, except in the fearful and excited imagination of the writers. Letter-writers from Washington are accustomed to draw a pretty long bow; and the effect of the battle upon the minds of most of these panic-stricken scribblers was to elongate the bow more than ever. Yet, from what I am able to glean from these accounts, and sift from the official reports, and what I was fortunate or unfortunate enough to witness for myself, I conclude that the day was lost because of the deficiency of discipline on the part of both officers and men. Men left the ranks singly, or by twos and threes; regiments imperceptibly melted away; captains lost their companies, and companies their captains. At one time, the road was crowded with men going to the rear upon almost every pretext, apparently careless of the result, and only anxious to get out of the way of danger, — a confused, disorganized, and unshapely mass, from which would be heard inquiries as to the position of such and such and such a regiment. No army in the world could stand under circumstances like these; and, when the final advance of the enemy was made, there was nothing left, to

the regiments that still remained unbroken, but to retreat in as good order as was possible. It was done with the conviction on the part of many, afterwards confirmed, and which, indeed, was the salvation of the retreating body, that the enemy was in as bad a plight as themselves. It is impossible to make men brave who are "undisciplined in virtue;" and it is impossible that men should be thus disciplined without the daily and hourly drill, the self-training, and the example of their "teachers and governors." The fortunes of the field depend upon the discipline of the camp.

Gen. McLellan seems thoroughly to understand this fact, and he has abundant ability to act according to its suggestions. Gen. McDowell probably understood it; but he was not competent to deal with it. He is a generous and faithful man, and a good officer; but he was not quite equal to the command of so important a movement as that which was attempted in July. Gen. McLellan unites with the generosity and fidelity of his predecessor other qualities, — ability to command, great executive power, a sleepless vigilance, and a complete understanding of the situation, and of the importance of the movement committed to his direction. He also engages the confidence and excites the enthusiasm of the soldiers. They believe him, and the country believes him, when he says, "We have had our last retreat; we have seen our last defeat: henceforth, victory will crown our efforts." The echo of those words will be heard in every camp of our army, and a full response will be given. A full organization, a better drill, a thorough discipline in the use of arms and in the moral forces of character and virtue, now prevail; and the expectations of the people will be realized. Rebellion will be beaten back, and peace and unity will once more reign. God speed the time!

A VISIT TO CAMP-MEETINGS IN MAINE.

"It came into his heart to visit his brethren, the children of Israel." — Acts vii. 23.

After musing upon many pleasant incidents and profitable experiences of a visit eastward this summer, and after recalling the different promptings which led me here and there among strangers, this text — "It came into his heart to visit his brethren, the children of Israel" — came home to me with peculiar power. I *felt it*, just as we feel out many truths before being able to discover them in the written word of God, and then, when the text comes, wonder we did not see them before.

Indeed, I often feel the church — the *true* church — is a living Bible, and each member thereof a living chapter, whose experience belongs to the whole world; whose soul should be open to all seekers after God's truth; whose life is a New Testament of God's love, wisdom, and power. I claim a right to read them. I believe most emphatically in experience meetings, and experience preachings, and experience writings, when I read Peter and Paul, when I study Moses and Jesus, when I hear David sing, "Come and hear, all ye that fear God, and I will declare what he hath done for my soul."

Moses had a special mission, as we all have. His being a larger field, his experience will satisfy a wider circle than ours; but, by giving ours, we may be each one a light in the world, and, by comparing the two, may find each life a plan of God. So much as an apology for what may come after.

How often *it comes into our heart* to do this or that, when we are very unconscious of the meaning of that *it*, or to what it will lead! — even as was the case with Moses.

We are not aware *it* is a divine power at work upon our heart, until after we have silenced it by obedience; as was the case with the disciples, "*who knew not that it was Jesus*," until they, in answer to the friendly voice, "Cast the net on the right side of the ship, and ye shall find," were not able to draw it for the multitude of fishes.

As God's voice sounds like Eli; so, Eli speaking to us, *it may be God*, and often is, as was it in Moses' case. Though he knew it not, yet was it fulfilled. "He whom God hath sent speaketh the words of God."

"*It* came into his heart to visit his brethren" is now interpreted. God was moving him toward the bush, there to hear the mysterious voice more audibly prompt him at once to assume his mission: "Come now, therefore, and I will send thee unto Pharaoh, that thou mayest bring forth my people, the children of Israel, out of Egypt" (Exod. iii. 10).

Now, I know *it* was not reduced fare, nor the voice of a friend merely calling me for a two-weeks' visit among my brethren, who in Calais were many: but my going was the *beginning* of an answer — "Here am I; send me" — to a still small voice, "Whom shall I send? and who will go for us?" — and mine a five-weeks' mission among my brethren of different persuasions in Washington County, Me.; not to bring them out of an Egyptian darkness, but to open their eyes to the light of the glorious gospel of Christ; to liberalize them by removing their prejudice against the name *Unitarian;* "for, as concerning this sect, we know that everywhere it is spoken against" (Acts xxviii. 22). Curiosity may have drawn them to the various school-houses, as I learned that at some places "about all the district were present," of whatever name; yet their attention, when there, indicated as great attention as the chief of the Jews at Rome gave Paul, when they were come to-

gether, saying, "We desire to hear of thee what *thou thinkest.*" I enjoyed earnest conversations with sisters of the Baptist, Methodist, Orthodox, and Christian churches, until I understood how much Paul must have enjoyed that "liberty to go unto his friends to refresh himself" (Acts xxvii. 3); and how glad Peter and John were, when, "being let go, they went to their own company" (Acts iv. 23).

Thank God, there were also some honorable exceptions to the general silence of men on the all-important subjects concerning their souls' welfare. "Oh that *men* would praise the Lord for his goodness, and for his wonderful works to the children of men!" Seeing Adam was first formed, and then Eve; since that holy thing born of the Virgin Mary was a male-child, — it would seem his birthright to be foremost in praising God. There must be something unhealthy in to-day's preaching, that causes this backwardness on their part in missionary, Sunday-school, and other religious labors.

Beside addressing one Orthodox, one Baptist, and one Mission Sunday school, in Calais, I preached twice in the Unitarian Church there, before a mixed audience; also four times in the Unitarian Hall at Perry, and three times in schoolhouses in its different districts. Then, going to Pembroke, I twice occupied the Union Church; and gave them more or less of a war-sermon in the Baptist Church in the evening, their minister assisting in the services, — his name unknown. My congregations varied from fifty to three hundred; and when I found schoolhouses filled on Wednesday and Friday evenings, just on the announcement of preaching, and particularly remarked their attention, and desire for me to come again, I thought of that prophecy, "Behold, the days come, saith the Lord God, that I will send a famine in the land; not a famine of bread, nor a thirst for water, but of hearing the words of the Lord" (Amos viii. 11).

I preached Christ unto them, the Fountain of living waters, the true Bread which came down from heaven, the Staff only which we are to take on our journey, the Light of the world.

Perhaps where I became best known, and certainly where I enjoyed much, was at the Charlotte Methodist Camp-meeting, where were some fifteen tents, a dozen preachers, and some six hundred to a thousand people. The scene itself, more especially when the evening fires were lighted and the moon shone in full glory, goes beyond my powers of description. The singing was impressive, and some of the meetings in the tents were heavenly. The preaching was not at all attractive or remarkable, save one sermon by a day-laborer in the Pembroke Ironworks, which was simple, earnest, and original in the highest degree. There was some soul to it. Good order prevailed throughout; and, during my three-days' stay there, I saw nothing to condemn, save occasional clapping, much praying without the spirit, and talking likewise, and too severe "Amen" and "Glory-to-God" responses. I favor the latter, when well done; that is, when the Spirit prompts: and decidedly prefer camp-meetings once a year to the slumbering, if not dead silence, of the Unitarian Church. Indeed, at camp-meeting, and for some time afterwards, I found it only my Unitarian education which prevented my shouting "Glory!" at times.

"There is that withholdeth more than is meet; but it tendeth to poverty" (Prov. xi. 24), — seems to me Solomon's criticism of the Unitarian Church. It seems to me, a church with the minister alone for its safety-valve must either quench itself, or blow up, and go to destruction. We are hungering after the old-fashioned style of meetings, where each one *had a doctrine*, had a psalm, had a revelation, had *a tongue;* and without them *we die of starvation.* I believe in live meetings so truly, that I at times think no

one very anxious for heaven who has not tasted the powers of the world to come at a good camp-meeting.

I much regretted Methodists had so conformed to the customs of the world as to have their singing, during service-hours, performed by a choir. That is backsliding, in my opinion. I missed the expected communion and love-feast, and was sorry to have no general breaking-up circle. I had hoped to enjoy these, as I had taken an active part in the private tent-meetings of the different towns.

My first remarks, suggested by the text, "When the Devil was gone out, the dumb spake, and the people wondered," drew forth this appropriate (taking a few exceptions) song, never yet published: —

"I'm what they call a Methodist, —
One of the noisy crew:
I shout when I feel happy;
And this I ought to do.
They say I sing and shout too loud;
I know the reason why:
And, when they feel the glory,
They'll shout as loud as I.

. . . . . .

I've Jesus Christ within me;
He's turned the Devil out:
And, when I feel the glory,
I can but sing and shout."

After that, I was perfectly at home among the brethren; having been previously invited to abide with them in the Calais tent, by their minister, Brother Strout; to whom I made myself known as a Unitarian Methodist. Expressing his surprise at first at my name, he was soon assured that my views of Jesus were as clear as his; I not believing him God, for that was too evidently unscriptural; not believing him a mere man, for that was no faith at all; but rather insisting upon his own and the great name at once assuring us of his divinity, — Jesus Christ, the Son of God;

the mystery Paul preached, — Christ in you, the hope of glory.

I told him I did not believe in the Trinity, because I could find it neither expressed nor implied in Scripture: and when he desired a clearer view than Christ, a sunbeam from the glory of the Father, — Christ, the Son of God, — I assured him it could not be given; for "no man knoweth who the Son is, *but the Father*." I gave my objection to his and all creeds save Unitarians', that they seemed an improvement upon the Bible, inasmuch as they tried to explain what there is left a mystery; and, moreover, I agreed to express my views with his when he would talk Bible language. He probably remembered, "Whoso shall confess that Jesus is the Son of God, God dwelleth in him, and he in God" (1 John iv. 15); for after acknowledging that there seemed of late to be a branch of our denomination different from the old-fashioned, New-England Unitarian, I said, "Yes, sir; I am one of that branch:" and, after some little further agreement concerning religious meetings, I was cordially welcomed, and most attentively, ay, remarkably closely, listened to. Hence this letter in mine own name.

UNITARIAN METHODIST.

LETTER FROM GANGOOLY.

CALCUTTA, July 18, 1861.

DEAR MR. CLARKE, — I see, in the "Monthly," that a change is to take place in the administration of the Association: viz., there will be *one* paid officer, — the Secretary; that the members of the Committee, "*the choice spirits*," (you remember who said that, don't you?) will divide the business among themselves, &c. I think a little account

of the Hindoo festivals of this month will be interesting to your readers. Last Wednesday, my countrymen drew the "*Car of Juggernauth;*" and will do it again this afternoon. I had been out to see it; and I will tell you why. Capt. Field of Dorchester, Mass., called on me, with his wife and baby, and desired me to go with them, and show them the car they had read and heard so much of. They had anticipated to see the devotee thrown under the wheels, &c. As we drove through the crowded streets, the little Field was quite amused to see the great display of playthings; and kept on saying, "Toys, toys!" To prevent any accident happening, and to give everybody a chance to see the famous car, belonging to a very rich, low-caste family, the police exerted itself admirably. As we could not drive down to the house, we had to take our position in the street till the idol came. By six, P.M., the procession came, headed by a police constable and his numerous attendants. Some thirty little boys, carrying silken flags; an English band, playing lively airs; the natives singing the praises of Krishna; the men bearing large umbrellas of silver works; the trumpets beating, and bells ringing; the silver car, nearly twelve feet high, slowly moving amidst the shouts of thousands, — tell you what the Hindoo can do for his religion. Can you conceive the emotions of my heart this year, so contrary to those of other years? Oh, no! you cannot; for they lie in the secret chamber of my heart, where *none* but God has access. I have formerly observed the *car* with joy; walked round, or sat on it, to take care of the idols; have composed hymns for the occasion, and sung them; and deemed myself and my country blessed for having such gods to worship, such cars to draw, and salvation obtained in such easy ways. But, thanks be to God! I now look at the car with pity; sit comfortably in a carriage in company with Mr. and Mrs. Field, — the "Jo-

BUNS;" having no god to take care of save the darling baby of Mrs. F., who would jump into the street anyhow; sing no praise to Krishna, but, "Be *Thou*, O God! exalted high," &c.; weep over the mad zeal and degradation of my country for her worshipping such gods, drawing such cars to please the deity, &c.

The Mahometans are having their "*Mohurum*" now. The day before yesterday, they marched through the streets of Calcutta, striking their breasts with their hands, and crying, "*Eh Hussen, eh Hussen!*" and that was all done for *religion!* Two parties, almost of boys, coming from opposite directions, met and stopped before our mission-house, beating their breasts, and crying as above. I looked up to heaven with tears in my eyes, and muttered, "Father, bless these little children: erroneous as their style certainly is, their *aim* is to please thee." How long it must pass before the world is convinced of the truth of the saying, "But the hour cometh, and now is, when the true worshippers shall worship the Father in spirit and in truth; for the Father seeketh such to worship him"!

Mr. Cress is gone to Madras, as you are aware by our last letters. Mr. Phipson, who is with us, promises to do well. Daily we meet with young men at our house, who come for inquiry on religious matters. Our policy is strictly missionary, instituted by Mr. Cress and myself, — that we would *urge* the people to take the yoke of Jesus by baptism, if they wished to be his disciples; and that the mere fact of their talking against the *caste system*, and saying that they believed in Christ, is not all that is desirable. I fear God will try my fidelity to his Son in a serious way. For some time past, whether owing to the anxiety of my lonesome, outcast life, constant thought of my weeping mother, &c., or some other cause, I am growing very poorly. Everybody tells me of it; and mother, on examining the other day,

was alarmed at what she fears is "*spleen*" I am troubled with. She has already travelled some miles to get some medicine for me; but I shall consult a good medical man in the city. But she, on the other hand, cherishes a hope (which will *certainly* prove false), that a sickness may cause me to submit to the penances, to renounce Christianity, and to secure the ministration of my Hindoo relatives thereby.

J. C. GANGOOLY.

REV. CHARLES WELLINGTON.

DIED at Templeton, Mass., Rev. CHARLES WELLINGTON, D.D., aged eighty-one years.

On the final departure of friends, at any age of their existence and under whatever attendant circumstances, we must deplore their loss, ignorant as we often are of the wise and beneficent designs of an inscrutable Providence. But when, at the triumphant close of a life protracted many years beyond man's threescore years and ten, we are summoned to lay in their final repose the mortal remains of the venerable pastor of a loving flock, with whom, for more than half a century, he has walked and toiled and sympathized in joy and sorrow; before whose face he has ever been a beaming light, without a spot to dim its lustre, or inspire a doubt of the existence of the oil in reserve to trim his lamp for all the future exigencies of life and death, — though we may indulge in regret at our loss, it is a hopeful mourning, a serene sadness, as that of the husbandman surveying, on the one hand, the stubble-field, sear and brown; and, on the other, the golden sheaves of ripened grain now gathered up and garnered.

Such are the thoughts suggested by a contemplation of the protracted, serene, and useful life of him who is the subject of this memoir.

He loved his race. To all of Adam born, his heart went forth in tender, fatherly affection. A heart to feel, a head to devise and advise, and a hand to execute, made up the man, whom suspicion nor slander ever assailed. The door of his house swung responsive to the generous dictates of his heart; and, many times and oft, the itinerant preacher or the pale philanthropist, with thread-bare coat and jaded horse, depressed in spirit, and with no claim but a capacity for restoration by rest and cheer, has passed and repassed his hospitable threshold only to feel its regenerating power. Not alone *what* he said and did, but *how* he said and did it, transferred to the guest the spirit of the host, and made it almost doubtful from which one to the other thanks were due.

But the good man waited not for those in need to *claim* his kindness. In sunshine and in storm, he sought the roof that sheltered sorrow, not with stamping steed and in fashionable guise, but in circumstances all harmonious with the man, well fitted, not for show, but use. Thus, not from his pulpit and formal text, preached he his most effective sermons. The little daily events which he witnessed among his people — their vexations, temptations, and errors — were his texts; and a few words of gentle kindness, a word or two of counsel and encouragement, and even at times "expressive silence," wrought out results in the heart of one or more of a family in distress, which pulpit rhetoric, without practical example, would fail to produce.

Such being the characteristics of his simple, unpretending, useful life, we scarcely need relate the events which marked its closing years.

He who without reserve had "cast his bread upon the

waters," and found the evening of his life unblessed with a competency of this world's goods, never faltered in his trust, but waited for the return of Heaven's cycle of retribution. Fifty years became that cycle's term; at the end of which, from every quarter, on charitable good intent, assembled those who long had loved and revered their aged pastor, — they who had daily met him, and reciprocated his kindness; they who for many years had toiled in lands remote; a few representatives of his college-class; and his children, with their little ones, — all eager to present a testimonial of their respect and love, — the bread found after many days. It was a day of triumphant joy. The company retired from their half-century banquet, leaving to be gathered twelve baskets full of the fragments which remained, and which constituted the affluence of his declining years.

When no longer able to execute the sterner duties of his profession, he furnished still his exemplary life, and indulged in little acts of usefulness, and uttered words of cheer and counsel. As, with each descending sun, he encamped "a day's march nearer home," the lights of his earlier life seemed to draw nearer, and burn brighter in his heaven; and his spirit seemed to sweep the lyre of bygone years, and pour its strains in holier melody on the listening ear. As physical life ebbed away in daily increasing weakness, the spring-tide of the spirit rose, and bore to him the consolations which he had so often administered to others.

Two weeks before his death, when more free from suffering than usual, he expressed a wish to write a few lines, containing a question and three answers to the same, which he had arranged in his mind. But he complied with the suggestion, that his son, who had just arrived, should note them down for him; when he dictated the following sentences: —

"What is the best preparation for our departure from earth?

"1. 'The Holy Scriptures, which are able to make us wise unto salvation' through faith that is in Christ Jesus.

"2. 'Repentance towards God, and faith in the Lord Jesus Christ,' with the fruits of that faith and repentance.

"3. The performance of required duty, in the spirit of Christ, and in conformity with the teachings of his gospel."

As he drew near the borders of the spirit-land, a few minutes before his death, in a short interval of relief from pain, he said very distinctly, one word slowly succeeding another, "I leave all in the hands of the Almighty, in profound faith and hope."

He then referred to a transaction of a few days previous; and, being made satisfied in respect to it, with a gratified look he said, "Yes, yes," relaxed his effort, closed his eyes, and was no more.

His death occurred on the 3d, and his funeral on the 5th, of August, at four o'clock, P.M.

A short prayer was offered, and select passages of Scripture were read, at the house in which he had dwelt for fifty-four years; after which his remains were conveyed to the church, whence, at the close of touching and appropriate exercises, conducted by the junior pastor of his church, and other clergymen, of whom some had been his associates through his long career, he was borne to the ancient churchyard, followed by a numerous retinue of the people of his charge, his family, and other relatives; and, inwreathed with flowers from their loving hands, beneath the mild radiance of the setting sun, he was consigned to the faithful pastor's rest.

"ASK, AND YE SHALL RECEIVE."

[We gladly publish the following communication, and hope it will receive the careful attention of our readers.]

"*Shall* receive," observe; not "should receive," or "may receive." But then you must ask out loud, as if you wanted what you ask for, felt a claim to it, and *believed you should get it.*

The crying and crushing weakness of us Unitarians is, that we are terribly afraid of seeming in earnest. We are so afraid we shall shock somebody's sensibilities, or offend somebody's prejudices, or do something undignified, that we — *do nothing*, and then complain of inaction and coldness, and want of response.

Now, the fact is, the amount of latent willingness in the world is incalculable. It only wants calling into action. The proof of the assertion is all about us. Dr. Hill wants a few thousands for Antioch; a poor Kansas minister wants a few hundreds. They do not sit down in dumb despair, feeling it would be idle to declare their needs: they state the fact. Immediately, by hundreds in one case, and units in the other, the dollars glide in from unknown "friends," in spite of the "hard times."

It is a truth of amazing significance, that the world (in the main, perhaps blindly, but no less surely) recognizes the fact, that it is blessed through *giving* and *doing*. So Dr. Eliot announces ten thousand pairs of knit-stockings wanted for the troops. The price of blue yarn advances under the demand for it. You see in hundreds of families, in the lecture-rooms, in the cars while the train waits, thousands of flashing needles busy on "army stockings;" and his need is met.

The American Unitarian Association have commenced a series of *Army Tracts*. They are interesting and good;

and will be profitable, if distributed. The Association needs funds for this purpose. It issues circulars, requesting pastors to present this fact to their people. They meet with little response. It is inferred, and the inference confirmed by proof in some cases, that the matter receives no attention in the pulpit, and consequently never reaches the pews. Wherefore? One per cent of the non-observance of the request is attributable to forgetfulness, one per cent to indifference, and *ninety-eight per cent* to the habitual avoidance, on principle, of soliciting any thing from the parish for objects other than its current expenses; on *principle*, as if every dollar paid out made the society a dollar poorer and weaker, instead of a hundred dollars *richer*, in all the essentials of a society's wealth.

If a society gives a few hundreds to the American Unitarian Association, a hundred or two to the Sunday-school Society, takes the "Register" or the "Inquirer" freely, buys denominational books and tracts, or contributes to missionary objects, it is considered as parting with its life's blood; and so they are encouraged to be parsimonious, to dry up the streams of divine life which would flow into every artery made empty by the outflow of benevolent sympathy and material aid; and thus, in striving to save its life, to all practical intents and purposes, effectually lose it: for if any object is to be found, above-ground, more emphatically dead than a church organization which never does any thing for the denomination, or reluctantly gives pennies where it should (*and would*) cheerfully give pounds, it ought to be buried out of sight.

This is a melancholy and a fatal truth. People value what costs them something, and only that. If we would have our cause flourish (that is, have the religion, which we believe to be best for mankind, progress), we must rouse our congregations to *do* something, *give* something, — give and do all they possibly can. What at first they may do

slowly, and from an awakened sense of duty, they will soon do willingly, then cheerfully, then gladly, then eagerly; and, as sure as God liveth, the bread thus cast on the waters shall not only feed the spiritually hungry, but return to feast the donors, like manna from heaven.

MISSIONARY REPORT FROM ILLINOIS.

Alton, Ill., Sept. 16, 1861.

Rev. James Freeman Clarke.

Dear Brother, — As one of the Executive Committee of the American Unitarian Association, and the editor of the "Monthly Journal," I send you a report of missionary service in Illinois, rendered during the months of July and August.

Having given an account of Vandalia in a previous report, I am gratified to be able to state that our movement for the establishment of a Liberal-Christian society, and for Unitarian worship, in that place, continues to prosper, and to be more and more favorably regarded by the community. Since last February, I have made monthly visits to Vandalia; holding two religious services on the sabbath in the well-furnished hall of the old State House, and delivering a lecture on Saturday or Monday evenings in the same place to an audience varying from a hundred to two hundred people. Arrangements have been made to continue these monthly services one year, and a Standing Committee has been appointed to carry into effect the wishes of the congregation.

Some notices have been published in the religious press, of this Liberal-Church movement in Vandalia, that have not been quite correct. The Episcopal service is only used in part, and all that savors of the Trinity is omitted.

The form of worship is nearly the same as that used by the church in King's Chapel, Boston; shortened somewhat by omitting one of the Scripture lessons, and by not using the prayers and the litany at the same time. The longer we use this form of worship, the more we are attached to it, and the more devotional the spirit of our meetings.

The movement has been represented as chiefly Universalist in its character. This is also a mistake. It is emphatically a free church as respects its theology. It is founded upon Christ and his teachings, and its form of worship is eminently Christian; but it is entirely free from sectarianism. A few Universalists are united with us, whose co-operation we value; but the majority of the congregation have never been connected with that denomination. Some are Unitarians; some were formerly Episcopalians; others were Presbyterians, Methodists, and "Christians." All are quite united in this new and free religious organization. The preaching is mainly practical, — setting forth the type of *Christian character* which the gospel requires, and the means of its formation; and presenting Christianity as a living power in the world, consisting of fundamental truths, and not of theological speculations. From many of the discourses, the hearer would reasonably infer a benevolent theory of the divine government, and the endless probation and progress of souls; but our object has been to avoid sectarian controversy, and especially to refrain from unfriendly criticism of other systems of faith. By this means we preserve harmony, and enlist the good-will and sympathy of many who are not wedded to any denomination, and of many who have become sick and tired of theological disputations.

Fortunately, we have in the Vandalia congregation a superior choir, who add greatly to the interest and devotional character of our meetings by their excellent church music, and the singing of the chants in the service. The

only drawback, at present, to our prosperity, is the draught the war is making upon us. Several members of the congregation have already left us to go and fight the battles of our country; and, while we regret to lose them from their places in the sanctuary, we give them our blessing, and pray that they may do good service in so righteous a cause.

During the month of August, I visited Hillsborough again; and, having often preached there before, succeeded in making arrangements to hold religious services, one sabbath in each month the coming year, in the Unitarian Church. Having no pastor, and but limited means, our friends had rented their church-edifice to the Orthodox Congregationalists; but, at my suggestion, had reserved the use of it for twelve sabbaths in the year. They will now be able to enjoy a religious worship of their own to that extent, and keep alive the Liberal faith in this old town. The church had almost been given up as dead; and there seemed, indeed, but little hope of its resurrection. One of its most influential members was, at one time, in favor of selling out entirely to the Orthodox Society, and now gives his support largely to that organization. But others have remained firm, though much discouraged; until now we have a better prospect for the future. Nevertheless, that prospect is not a very bright one. Hillsborough is a small town, and greatly under the influence and control of the Orthodox sects, which have been very intolerant towards the Unitarians. In the very church which our friends were renting to the Orthodox Congregationalists, a former minister of the latter society refused an invitation to sit in the pulpit with me, and take some part in the services of public worship, *from a conscientious scruple that he should thereby be giving his sanction to error.* And on another occasion, when I was called to Hillsborough to attend the funeral of a most esti-

mable young woman in a Unitarian family, the Presbyterian minister refused to have any part in the services, *unless he could be called on to rise in his pew, and offer the prayer, instead of occupying the pulpit with me; which he declined to do, on the ground that he should be understood as sanctioning Unitarianism.* Of course, he was excused from taking any part, lest he might appear like the Pharisee of old, saying, by his conduct, "Stand by thyself: I am holier than thou."

Both these ministers were sustained in this miserable exercise of bigotry by their respective congregations; and you can well imagine that it goes against the grain to see any of our friends uniting with and sustaining such an administration of the gospel. The Orthodox-Congregationalist Society have since procured a more liberal minister, who would not be guilty of such an act of bigotry: but, although occupying our church, he would not feel at liberty to exchange services, or to unite with me on ordinary occasions; and, when we worship in the same sanctuary, his congregation are very careful, with a few exceptions, to go elsewhere, or to keep aloof from us. Under these circumstances, there can be no reciprocity or compromise; and we are bound, by every obligation of truth and duty, to maintain our cause with such ability as we have.

During the month of July, I visited Salem and Centralia, — two important towns in Southern Illinois, near the junction of the Illinois Central and Ohio and Mississippi Railroads. The first is the county seat of Marion County, and has a good population, and a seminary of learning under the patronage of the Methodists. I gave a lecture here on "The Evidences, from Natural History, of an intelligent and personal Deity," intended to meet a prevailing scepticism in the West, derived from the shallow philosophy of certain spiritualists and "The Vestiges of

Creation," that mankind are a development from lower orders of being, and not a distinct creation, and that "Nature is God."

I had an intelligent and appreciate audience in Salem; and was much indebted to a Unitarian friend, — a young physician, — who, while studying his profession at Louisville, Ky., attended the Unitarian Church there, under the ministry of Brother Heywood. The Cumberland Presbyterian Church was granted for our use, and the way opened for future visits.

At Centralia, I preached one Sunday; and, on the previous Saturday evening, gave the same lecture as at Salem, in the "Christian Church," owned by the "Disciples," or followers of Alexander Campbell of Virginia. Centralia is a flourishing town at the fork of the two branches of the Illinois Central Railroad, and is where the offices and locomotive-works of the southern division of the road are located. It is destined at some day to be an important city.

The church of the "Disciples" was cheerfully and freely granted to me; and, if Unitarian services could be established here, arrangements could be made for the occupancy of this building a part of the time, as it is not constantly occupied by the ministers of the Christian denomination. But it will require another visit to ascertain the prospects of our cause in this place. The heat of August was upon us, and but few people attended our meetings. I spoke, however, to some fifty or sixty people, and distributed a considerable number of the "Monthly Journal," and of a tract of my own, entitled "Christ the only True Foundation." These were well received, and read; and I think, at some future period, a larger interest might be awakened.

In all these Southern-Illinois towns which I have visited,

I find a wide-spread unbelief in religious institutions. Many persons, of fair intelligence and culture, have ceased attending the Orthodox churches. They have but little acquaintance with Unitarian views, but have read a good deal of Spiritualism, and attended lectures of the "entranced" mediums, and theological discussions between the Orthodox and Universalist debaters; and, by these means, have been led to doubt and disregard the claims of religion. In every town and village and neighborhood, there are many persons of this description, who are very slow to lend their aid to any religious enterprise; and it is very difficult to interest and hold them in connection with a religious association.

After listening to the services of a Unitarian minister, they are often moved to confess the rational character of our faith; and, when there is a spiritual or religious element in their nature, they will sometimes become zealous co-workers with us. In one place, where I preach occasionally, a gentleman, who had been an avowed unbeliever in Christianity, said to me, "I enjoy attending your meetings. The sermons are moral and practical, and I can feel that it would be a benefit to sit under such preaching. The prayers are devotional, without extravagance, or undue familiarity with the Deity; and the impression they make upon me is, 'It is good for me to be here.'"

In another instance, I have been several times the guest of a family whose members seldom attend church anywhere. The heads of it are aged people, and were very hospitable and kind to me. The old gentleman is very infirm, and has but a short time to live; being over eighty years of age. We have held many conversations together; and although he had frequently expressed his doubts of a future state, saying that it was all dark to him, I continued to suggest brief arguments and reasons for the doctrine of immortality,

and to quote some of the best sayings of Christ and of the Psalmist David. Once I repeated to him the psalm beginning, "The Lord is my shepherd;" and asked him if he did not wish he had David's confidence that he could walk through the valley of the shadow of death, and fear no evil. "Yes," he said: "that is good. It does me good to hear such words as those, and I feel cheered and comforted." Then I repeated the psalm containing the words, "Cast me not off in the time of old age; forsake me not when my strength faileth. When I am old and gray-headed, O God! forsake me not." And I asked if he did not wish he had David's trust in God; and he said, "Yes: it would be a comfort and strength to me." As my visits have been repeated, and these conversations have been renewed, I find the old man's faith is gaining ground, and he looks with a brighter vision towards another world. The last time I staid at his house, when I took leave of the family, the old lady, who had listened to our conversations with much feeling, came to the door with me, and, handing me a five-dollar gold-piece, said, "I want to do something towards your preaching here." I accepted the gift, and thanked her kindly; saying, "If you should ever be in sorrow or affliction, send for me, and I will come, if you wish me." Remembering how near her aged husband is to the end of his earthly pilgrimage, her eyes filled with tears. She said she would send for me; and I came away, feeling that I had sowed good seed by the wayside, which the fowls of the air would not carry away, and which would grow, and bring forth fruit.

At Centralia, I gave to an aged man, who was utterly sceptical as to the truth of Christianity, a copy of the "Memoirs of Dr. Channing;" and he began to read it with great interest before I left him. It would not surprise me to find, on my next visit, that he is a converted

man. Unitarian Christianity is the only remedy for the infidelity of the West; and there is great good to be done, if we only had the means to disseminate our views, and send our preachers throughout these Western States, not to the large cities merely, but to the small towns and the growing villages of the West. But no such mission can be self-supporting. The agents in this work must be sent, and mainly supported, by our older churches and religious associations.

Another Sunday in August I gave to Springfield, Ill., the capital of our State. The Universalist Church was opened for me, and I preached morning and evening to a small congregation. It was a very hot day, — the mercury standing at ninety-six degrees in the shade, — and the people could not attend church without great discomfort. Capt. George Barrel was present, and manifested his interest and sympathy. The rest of my hearers were mostly Universalists, and I was most kindly and hospitably entertained among them. They have no minister at present. The Unitarians at Springfield are few, and have rather kept aloof from our Universalist friends. They have not kept pace with the progress of the two denominations towards a common fellowship, and are led by social influences to the Episcopal and Presbyterian churches. On two occasions, I have preached in the Universalist Church (a beautiful edifice near the Governor's house); but no Unitarian in Springfield, except Capt. Barrel, has ever been to hear me.

Recently, however, an excellent family of our faith has removed to our State capital, and they are alive to its interests and influence. I was so fortunate as to make their acquaintance before I left, and to receive the promise of their co-operation in my future missionary work.

In all these journeyings, I carry packages of the

"Monthly Journal" with me, and distribute them in the cars, and to the congregations that attend my preaching. Sometimes I have fallen in with car-loads of soldiers going to the war; and I have uniformly given them all I had, and found them readily accepted, and read with avidity. Fortunately, I have been well supplied from the Association, in addition to many that I brought home with me from Quincy a year and a half ago.

Since I commenced writing this report, a sudden change has come over my prospects. I have just been elected chaplain of the "Lyon Regiment" of Missouri Volunteers, and will, in a few weeks, go to the war, to be a missionary, and spiritual friend, to a thousand soldiers who are now forming this new regiment for the service of their country. I shall, next Sunday, preach my farewell sermon to the church in this city; make another visit to each of my missionary congregations; commend them to the care of the good Shepherd during my absence, in the hope of some day returning to them; and be in readiness to march with the regiment as soon as it is full and under orders.

The church in this city is likely to be left without a minister. A call had been given to Rev. C. A. Staples, of St. Louis, to succeed me in the pastorate of this church, and it was supposed he would accept it; but he also has been elected chaplain of the Engineer Corps of Missouri Volunteers, and will probably go to the war. It is difficult to resist such an opportunity of doing good as these chaplaincies present; for the more temperate, sober, and upright our men can be persuaded to be, the more religious, manly, and morally brave they are, the better soldiers they will make, and the better prepared they will be to meet, if necessary, a soldier's death. Much good also can be done by a brave and faithful minister among the wounded and dying on the field of battle, and among the sick in the hos-

pitals of the army. As true soldiers of Jesus Christ, we are bound to improve these opportunities, and to serve him in serving our country and our fellow-man.

In this new mission, I propose to take reading with me for the men; and I will write you hereafter where packages of the "Monthly Journal" may be sent to me; and also to the publishers of the "Christian Register" and "Inquirer," to send me such spare copies of their papers as they can furnish; for the latest and freshest reading matter is the best. I see that the Association is about to publish a small volume for the army, containing selections from the New Testament and the Psalms; and also a small volume of Songs and Hymns. I wish these could be united in one, with an appropriate form for worship; and that the Psalms might be arranged in selections, for alternate reading by the chaplain and the regiment in the public religious services of the army. But, whether this is done or not, I should like to circulate in our regiment whatever you may publish of this kind.

In concluding this report, let me add, that Rev. Dr. Eliot is at work with his usual efficiency in the cause of our country, by his labors as a member of the Sanitary Commission at St. Louis. A large hospital has been fitted up and furnished, capable of accommodating from five hundred to a thousand sick and wounded men; and nurses are already established in the care of it. As the war rages in Missouri, St. Louis, from its convenient position, is liable to have many sick and wounded thrown upon its care; and many who suffered at the battle of Springfield are already there.

As my labors in the army will be of a missionary character, I shall continue to send you reports for the "Journal."

Fraternally yours, J. Gilbert Forman.

THE ARMY FUND.

Two months ago, the Executive Committee of this Association sent to all the societies of our faith a circular, asking contributions to aid them in providing suitable reading for the soldiers. Twenty-five societies have now responded, and have contributed the sum of $791.46. Of this amount, the Committee have expended some $700; and this is what has been done with it.

First, There have been printed and distributed five thousand copies of the "Soldier's Companion," or Army Number of the "Monthly Journal;" sixteen regiments having been supplied with from three to five hundred each.

Second, Four tracts have been published in the army series, — "The Man and the Soldier," by Rev. George Putnam, D.D.; "The Soldier of the Good Cause," by Charles Eliot Norton; "The Home to the Camp," by Rev. J. F. W. Ware; and "Liberty and Law, a Poem for the Hour," delivered before the Phi Beta Kappa Society of Harvard College in July last, by Elbridge J. Cutler. Of each of these, five thousand have been issued; making, in all, twenty thousand tracts which have been, or are to be, distributed among the soldiers.

Third, An arrangement has been made with the publishers of several weekly papers, whereby seven hundred and fifty copies will be circulated every week for six months. They are sent in packages of ten to a regiment, — one for each company; and thus will be furnished to seventy-five regiments. Each issue of these papers is to contain at least one column specially adapted to the wants of the soldiers. All this has been done with about $700.

The amount already received, $791.46, has been contributed by twenty-five societies, — an average to each of $31. The largest sum received was $89; the smallest, $6.10. Seven contributions have been less than $20; eleven, over $30. Now, in the denomination, there must be at least two hundred societies as well able to aid us in this good work as those from whom we have heard. There is certainly not one of them that cannot contribute $6.10; and there are many who can easily give more than $89. If the societies who have not yet assisted us will only give as liberally as these twenty-five, we shall have *six or seven thousand dollars* to use for the moral and spiritual improvement of our soldiers.

Then we can distribute, instead of five thousand, *forty thousand* of our "Soldier's Companion;" supplying at least one hundred and twenty-five regiments. We can circulate a hundred and sixty thousand tracts, and furnish weekly three papers to every company in the Federal Army.

It would be folly for us to occupy space in attempting to show the great advantages of this work in which the Association is now engaged. All must see and acknowledge them; all must allow that the money used for such purposes will be indeed well spent.

Moreover, we believe that our friends are ready and willing to aid us, if the opportunity is only offered. Let the contribution-box be passed round in every church, and the result cannot fail to be at least six thousand dollars for the Army Fund.

Pastors, will not each of you see that this is done, and done at once? No matter if you *have*, within a Sunday or two, taken up a collection for some other purpose; no matter if your parish do find it somewhat hard, in these war-times, to collect the money for your salary: depend upon it, no one, whose friendship is worth the having, will be offended

with you for asking their aid in such a cause. Offer your people the privilege of giving to this Army Fund; and, so far from being offended, they will thank you heartily, and will be all the more ready and willing to contribute, a month hence, to some other worthy object, and to pay promptly their pew-tax when it shall become due.

DR. WALKER'S SERMONS.

Sermons preached in the Chapel of Harvard College. By James Walker, D.D. Boston: Ticknor & Fields.

This is another of those volumes of sermons, of which we have had several in this period, which are interesting as the best history, poetry, romance. Ticknor & Fields, who have published for us the sermons of Robertson, of Horace Mann, of F. W. P. Greenwood, of Bartol, Lowell, Giles, and the sermon-like essays of Emerson, Whipple, and Holmes, have now added to their many favors by presenting us, in fair paper and type, these noble discourses, — apples of gold in a frame of silver.

Dr. Walker hesitates too long in publishing. We have waited for his "Lowell Lectures," it is now twenty years, and they do not come. Let us be thankful, then, for these discourses, containing so many ripe thoughts in such perfect expression.

We think it no extravagance to place Dr. Walker's Sermons with those of Buckminster, Channing, Greenwood, Robertson; and to say of his, as of theirs, that the world will not willingly let them die.

The essential quality of these sermons is their reason-

ableness. They are reasonable in their substance, reasonable in their form; not reasonable by being merely the utterance of what is considered common sense. These sermons are not truisms or commonplaces: they are sights of truth, such as are given to man's reason to behold when it is kept pure and sound. These sights are subjected to a careful analysis, are conscientiously sifted, and expressed at last in a form so distinct as to be intelligible to every one, but so well fortified as to be impregnable. Thus they resemble those famous citadels, which look like green mounds, incapable of resisting a charge of cavalry, but which endure a storm of shot and shell from the heaviest artillery, without being taken.

Occasionally we meet with pregnant sentences, which, in their weight of antithesis, remind us of Lord Bacon; as when, for example, speaking of the apostles, Dr. Walker says, "They were not taken from the lowest class in society; in that case, they would have had too much to learn: nor yet from the highest class; in that case, they would have had too much to unlearn."

Since writing this notice, we have read one in the November number of the "Atlantic," which seems to us to be written with great discrimination and truth.

This is a book to be bought and read by all who are capable of understanding that Christianity is wisdom as well as power, — capable of being at once children in faith, and men in understanding. This is one of the best pronunciamentos of Rational Christianity. It assumes everywhere the old stand-point of authority, and is based on supernaturalism; yet even the newest school must like the instinctive and essential rationalism of all its parts, and the manly frankness of every utterance.

THE REJECTED STONE.

"The Rejected Stone; or, Insurrection *vs.* Resurrection in America." By a Native of Virginia. Boston: Walker, Wise, & Co., 245, Washington Street. 1861.

THIS eloquent, argumentative, electric work is instinct with the passion of the South and the reason of tbe North. In some respects, it reminds us of the Abbé de la Mennais. The author's name is not given; but "how can a man be concealed?" Native of Virginia, writer of poetico-illustrated sermons, hater of slavery, we know thee! The argument for emancipation, as a war-measure and a peace-measure; as good for North and South; as wisdom, justice, prudence, Christianity, all in one, — is here urged by an infinite variety of reasons, appeals, and brilliant snatches from nature, biography, and history. This book is a prophecy of the event it demands, and will be a cause of the result it predicts. If our President and each of his cabinet, and every general and colonel and captain, would read it — IF!

PRAYER.

BRIGHT leaves! that far, from yonder mountain slope,
Invade mine eyes with spears and shields of green, —
Each tiny knight in distance hides unseen, —
Your vast hosts wear the emerald hue of hope.
O gems of air! that build yon sapphire cope,
Your single loveliness what eye may scan?
Yet, in the linkèd myriads of your span,
What wealth of blue, what azure vistas, ope?
Still prayers! that daily rise at morn and even
From lowly closets, and sweet, Christ-like hearts,
Secret, invisible except to Heaven,
As up to God each silently departs.
Bright with confederate blaze, ye stream afar,
And make each holy life a pure, eternal star. F. E. A.

MEETINGS OF THE EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE.

Oct. 14, 1861. — Present, Messrs. Hedge, Emerson, Lincoln, Brigham, Newell, Barrett, Stebbins, Winkley, Sawyer, and Fox.

"The financial condition of the Association," the subject specially assigned for this meeting, was first taken up for consideration. The Chairman of the Finance Committee — George B. Emerson, Esq. — read, by request of the Board, an appeal to the churches and a letter to pastors, written in accordance with the vote passed at the last annual meeting. After some discussion, in which the opinion was generally expressed, that in view of the recent appeals for the Army Fund of the Association, for Antioch College, and other objects, it was not expedient to ask the societies for further contributions at present, it was decided to postpone any action on the subject until some future meeting.

Mr. Emerson, as Chairman of the Committee on Army Tracts, reported that he had arranged with the publishers of the "Boston Weekly Advertiser" for five hundred copies of their paper, to be distributed among the New-England regiments, — each issue to contain at least a column of reading specially adapted to the soldiers.

The Committee on the "Soldier's Companion" reported that the first edition was nearly exhausted; and they were authorized to print at once a second edition, of five thousand copies.

The Secretary presented an application from the Chaplain of the 24th Massachusetts Regiment for copies of the "Christian Inquirer," for the use of the soldiers under his charge; and it was voted that ten copies be sent to him for six months. It was then voted that the Secretary be au-

thorized to furnish ten copies of the "Christian Register" or the "Christian Inquirer" to any chaplain who should apply for them.

The Secretary was authorized to distribute among the soldiers the copies of "Katherine Morris" now in possession of the Association.

INTELLIGENCE.

The Annual Convention of the Sunday-School Society was held in Boston, at the Hollis-street Church, Oct. 14 and 15. The following officers were elected for the ensuing year: *President*, Rev. Alonzo Hill, D.D., of Worcester. *Vice-Presidents*, Rev. William G. Eliot, D.D., of St. Louis; Mr. J. N. Daniell, of Roxbury; and the presidents of the various county societies. *Secretary*, Mr. Joseph H. Allen, of Boston. *Treasurer*, Mr. George W. Fox, of Boston. *Directors*, Rev. J. M. Masters, of North Cambridge; Rev. Charles Lowe, of Somerville; Mr. Geo. M. Champney, of Woburn; Hon. F. W. Lincoln, jun., of Boston; Henry Bigelow, M.D., of Newton Corner; and Geo. H. Nichols, M.D., of Boston. On the evening of Monday, the 14th, a sermon was preached before the Convention by Rev. F. A. Farley, D.D., of Brooklyn, N.Y.; and Tuesday was occupied in the discussion of the following subjects: "Education and Religion;" and "The Lessons, Dangers, and Duties of the Hour." The discussion on the first subject was introduced by an essay from Mr. Richard Warren, of New York.

The Autumnal Convention was held in Boston, at the Hollis-street Church, commencing Tuesday evening, Oct. 15; on which occasion, a sermon was preached by Rev. Horatio Stebbins, of Portland, Me. The officers for the Convention were, for *President*, Rev. Ed. B. Hall, D.D., of Providence, R.I.;

Vice-Presidents, John H. Rogers, Esq., and William Brigham, Esq., of Boston; *Secretaries*, Rev. S. S. Hunting, of Manchester, N.H., and Rev. W. J. Potter, of New Bedford. On Wednesday, the forenoon and afternoon were occupied in discussing the views advanced in the sermon of the evening previous; and, in the evening, a discourse was delivered by Rev. Augustus Woodbury, of Providence, R.I. Thursday forenoon was devoted to a conference for the expression of feeling and conviction on "Our Christian Duty to the Country;" and the Convention closed with the communion-service, administered by Rev. Cazneau Palfrey, D.D., and Rev. William H. Channing. Rev. A. P. Putnam of Roxbury, Rev. N. A. Staples of Brooklyn, N.Y., and Mr. A. W. Hobart of Boston, were appointed a committee to make arrangements for the next Convention.

Rev. J. G. Forman, formerly of Alton, Ill., has been appointed chaplain of the "Lyon Regiment" of Missouri Volunteers.

Mr. Henry H. Barber, a graduate of the Meadville Theological School in the class of 1861, has received a call from the society in Harvard, Mass.

Rev. Frederic Frothingham, of Portland, Me., has been invited to a professorship in the Meadville Theological School.

Rev. A. H. Conant, formerly of Rockford, Ill., has been appointed chaplain of the Nineteenth Regiment of Illinois Volunteers.

Rev. J. F. Lovering has resigned the charge of the Twelfth Congregational Society, Boston.

Rev. William T. Clarke, of Haverhill, has accepted an invitation to take charge of the society in East Cambridge, Mass.

Mr. John B. Green, a graduate of the Meadville Theological School in the class of 1861, has been invited to take charge of the society in Bernardston, Mass.

Rev. C. A. Staples, of St. Louis, Mo., has been appointed chaplain of the Engineer Corps of Missouri Volunteers.

Mr. LIVINGSTON STONE, a graduate of the Meadville Theological School in the class of 1860, has accepted an invitation to take charge of the society in Billerica, Mass., for one year.

Mr. SIDNEY H. MORSE has been invited to take charge of the society in Fond du Lac, Wis.

Rev. WILLIAM A. WHITWELL has been invited to preach in the new chapel on Chestnut Hill, Brookline, Mass. This rural chapel, built through the munificence of one individual, was dedicated on Wednesday, Oct. 2. The dedicatory prayer was offered by Rev. S. K. Lothrop, D.D., of Boston; Rev. F. H. Hedge, D.D., of Brookline, preached the sermon; and Rev. W. A. Whitwell offered the concluding prayer.

Rev. S. S. HUNTING, of Manchester, N.H., has received a call from the society in Detroit, Mich.

Mr. HENRY W. FOOTE, a graduate of the Cambridge Divinity School in the class of 1861, has received a unanimous call from the King's-Chapel Society, Boston.

LANCASTER, N.H. — The society in this place, not willing to close their place of worship, have decided to hold religious services during the winter, to be conducted by members of the society.

Rev. WILLIAM H. CHANNING has accepted a call from the society in Washington, D.C.; and will enter upon his labors in November.

BOOKS RECEIVED

Since our last Notice.

Cheap Cotton by Free Labor. By A COTTON MANUFACTURER. Boston: A. Williams & Co., 100, Washington Street. Price, 12 cents.

Twelve cents could not be better laid out than in purchasing this pamphlet of fifty-two 8vo pages. It bears heavily on the great question of the hour. It shows that a great quantity of cotton is now raised by free labor in Texas and in all the Southern States.

The Social Significance of our Institutions. An Oration, &c., by HENRY JAMES. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 1861.

Liberal Theology and Christianity. A discourse preached before the Unitarian Society of the Church of the Redeemer, Cincinnati. By Prof. J. C. ZACHOS.

Sermons. By JAMES WALKER. Ticknor & Fields.
[Noticed in this number.]

Sod: the Mysteries of Adoni. By S. F. DUNLAP, author of "Vestiges of the Spirit-history of Man." Williams & Norgate. London. 1861.

Sod, the Son of the Man. By S. F. DUNLAP, &c. Williams & Norgate. London. 1861.

These two very curious volumes are not to be despatched in a book-notice: possibly we may say something of them hereafter.

The Rejected Stone. By A NATIVE OF VIRGINIA. Boston: Walker, Wise, & Co. 1861.
[Noticed in this number.]

Review of a Letter from Rev. JOHN H. HOPKINS, *Bishop of Vermont, on the Bible View of Slavery.* Burlington. 1861.
The bishop is here given what he deserves and needs.

Tom Brown at Oxford. A Sequel to School-Days at Rugby. By THOMAS HUGHES. Boston: Ticknor & Fields.

The remarks formerly made about the "Recreations of a Country Parson" will apply nearly as well to this book. The book on "School-Days at Rugby" was written out of a living and real experience, and so interested every one. The book about Oxford was written because the other had been written first. Just so, Mrs. Stowe wrote "Dred" because she had written "Uncle Tom."

Mr. Hughes is a very sensible man, and has about as little of English conventionalism as most writers of the fast-anchored isle. We observe, however, that he refers respectfully to that peculiarly English sacrament, or act of devotion, which consists in putting your face into your hat on entering church. Travellers on the Continent must have observed with astonishment how their English friends, who at other times may have manifested the smallest interest in Christianity, seem disposed to resume their religious duties in this one sacred act of hat-worship. Mr. Hughes, who is a rational and sincere Christian, appears in this regard to follow the English ritual. Thus he speaks: "Tom looked steadily into his cap during the bidding prayer, and sat down composedly afterwards." Now, to look

into one's cap is certainly an innocent operation; but, when it is elevated into the dignity of a religious act, it takes "a Dissenter" somewhat by surprise.

We have not had time to read this volume through; but we are sure that it is all sensible and good. The impetus acquired by reading "Tom Brown at Rugby" may easily carry one also through these two volumes; but, we think, not much further.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.

1861.				
Sept.	19.	From	Mr. W. V. Spencer, towards Life-membership	$10.00
,,	,,	,,	Society in Sterling, for Monthly Journals	35.00
Oct.	9.	,,	Society in Montreal, Canada, for Monthly Journals	50.00
,,	12.	,,	Rev. F. A. Farley, D.D., Trustee, as income of Graham Fund	87.50
,,	15.	,,	Society at Newton Corner, for Church in Kalamazoo, Mich. $50.00	
,,	,,	,,	Society at Newton Corner, as a donation 20.00	70.00
,,	16.	,,	Society in West Newton, for Monthly Journals	10.00

ARMY FUND.

The following sums have been received to aid in distributing books and tracts among the soldiers: —

Sept.	19.	From	Ladies' Sewing Circle, Belmont	$16.00
,,	,,	,,	Rev. Frederic Frothingham's Society, Portland	40.00
,,	23.	,,	Rev. H. W. Brown's Society, Augusta, Me.	17.15
,,	25.	,,	Society in Brookline, additional	3.00
,,	27.	,,	Rev. Joshua Young's Society, Burlington, Vt.	23.00
,,	30.	,,	Rev. J. F. W. Ware's Society, Cambridgeport	63.00
Oct.	1.	,,	Rev. Edgar Buckingham's Society, Troy, N.Y.	53.00
,,	,,	,,	Society in East Boston	17.00
,,	3.	,,	Rev. J. D. Wells's Society, Quincy	41.00
,,	,,	,,	Rev. W. J. Potter's Society, New Bedford	32.00
,,	7.	,,	Hollis-street Society, Boston	34.00
,,	,,	,,	Rev. W. R. Alger's Society, Boston	20.00
,,	9.	,,	American Ladies in Rev. John Cordner's Society, Montreal, Canada	30.00
,,	15.	,,	Rev. William Silsbee's Society, Northampton	24.00
,,	,,	,,	Rev. A. M. Bridge's Society, Hampton Falls, N.H.	6.10
,,	,,	,,	Rev. E. J. Young's Society, Newton Corner	20.00
,,	16.	,,	Rev. Dr. Dewey's Society, Boston	54.00
,,	17.	,,	Miss A. Curtis, Scituate	1.00
,,	,,	,,	Rev. Jacob Caldwell	1.00
,,	,,	,,	John Prentiss, Esq., Keene, N.H.	2.00
,,	,,	,,	a Friend	2.50
,,	19.	,,	the Worcester Association, for "Soldier's Companions"	30.00
,,	21.	,,	Mrs. Morton, Neponset	10.00
,,	23.	,,	Rev. Daniel Bowen's Society, Hingham	9.66

CANDIDATES FOR SETTLEMENT.

This list will be corrected monthly. Brethren desiring their names entered, or address changed, will please indicate the same to the Secretary of the A. U. A.

The * affixed to the word "Boston" indicates the address, — "Care of American Unitarian Association, Boston."

Preachers.	Address.
Horatio Alger, Jr.	South Natick.
G. W. Bartlett	Cambridge.
John B. Beach	Meadville, Penn.
Samuel C. Beane	Cambridge.
William M. Bicknell	Harrison Square.
John A. Buckingham	Cambridge.
F. L. Capen	Care of Barnard Capen, Esq., Boston.
William Cushing	Clinton.
J. H. Fowler	Cambridge.
Merritt E. Goddard	Cambridge.
Augustus M. Haskell	Cambridge.
James T. Hewes	Cambridge.
M. G. Kimball	Newtonville, Ms.
Lyman Maynard	Milford, Mass.
John Orrell	Sandwich.
George Osgood	Kensington, N.H.
J. M. Peirce	Cambridge.
Thomas H. Pons	Boston.*
James Richardson	Boston.*
Charles Robinson	Groton.
Ed. G. Russell	Cambridge.
George W. Stacy	Milford.
Livingston Stone	Cambridgeport.
L. G. Ware	Boston.*
Daniel S. Whitney	Southborough.
William A. Whitwell	Harvard.
J. Henry Wiggin	Boston.*
George A. Williams	Deerfield.
Samuel D. Worden	Lowell.
William C. Wyman	Brooklyn, N.Y.
J. C. Zachos	Cincinnati, O.